
AMSTRAD/SCHNEIDER
464 · 664 · 6128
ZUB
YOU WONT ZUB ME THIS TIME YOU... ZUBS
M.A.D.
MASTERTRONIC ADDED DIMENSION



Take agent Zub through the perils of ten nasty worlds to retrieve the eyeball of Zub for his King, Zub. If Zub fails Zub one will lose the war to Zub ten and his commander, Zub will probably Zub him.

Confused? You won't be once you've played this amazing all action game. It's got more alien types than you'll probably ever see. 100 frames for animation, parallax like you wouldn't believe ... most of all – pl...

DESIGNED AND PRO... BY BINARY DESIGN.

THE GAME

Zub, Private Third Class in the second glorious army of ZUBI, was not the happiest being in the ZUB system. In fact, he was terrified. He sat alone outside the office of his commanding officer, Sergeant ZUB. His knees began to shake, a single involuntary tear dripped from his left eye-stalk. If he had had a brow it would doubtless have been furrowed, but he hadn't, so it wasn't.

Many thoughts swam around his tiny confused brain. "What have I done?" "Why was I sent for?" "Will I be sent into action?" "Why has he kept me waiting so long?" At this point he gave up, his brain wasn't really designed for thinking. ZUB was a precision-built, genetically-engineered fighting machine, his sole purpose in life was combat. He was also frightened of dying and had spent the last 478 years avoiding active service. ZUB was a coward. He had a feeling that this period of his life was coming to an end. He was right.

The office door opened silently. "Right, Sergeant ZUB, I'll see you now!" ZUB staggered to his feet, still shaking and entered the office.

"Actually, it's Private Zub, Sir" ZUB stammered, "Private Third Class 8AB 4788 ...Sir."

"Ah yes ...we'll see about that. I suppose you're wondering why I sent for you?"

"Er ..."

"This morning" the Sergeant interrupted, "an envelope was handed to me by General ZUB, this very envelope in fact!" The Sergeant waved a large golden envelope under where ZUB's nose would have been if he'd had one. "It doesn't come from the General", the Sergeant continued. "Oh, no. It comes from the top, from our beloved leader, King ZUB himself!" ZUB shook his eye stalks and groaned to himself. "Would you like me to read it to you?" the Sergeant asked as though he wasn't going to read it anyway.

"Well ..."

The Sergeant opened the envelope and removed a single sheet of golden paper.

"It's addressed to the War Office and it's written in the King's own handwriting, it says ...

Right you lot, stop playing games and cop this. I've got a real job for you. Someone's nicked one of my crown jewels, the green eyeball of ZUB, and I want it back! Prime Minister ZUB tells me it's been traced to the planet ZUB Ten. Apparently my brother who's the King of the outfit wanted to add it to his little collection. He sent one agent, a junior officer in his second army, to steal it. I want you to send a similar ranking officer from our second glorious army to get it back. If he fails, believe me, you'll be sorry.

Yours, The King



Made in Great Britain

Design: Words & Pictures Ltd., London


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